THE BIGFOOT RESEARCH PROJECT; EASTERN DIVISION
316 North Wilton Road, New Canaan CT 06840
Phone 203-966-4900; FAX 203-966-7292

Dear Gary:

Many thanx for your Christmas greetings --- they are appreciated.

And I wish you the very best of everything through the Holiday Season, and for all of 1998. At the very least!

I haven't been able to do much of any BFing lately. Was in Utah, and So. Cal. but nowhere near the NW. There seems to be a whole new cast of characters out there now -- Peter Byrne hints of adequate funding,. but that may or may not be true. We shall see!

I look forward to seeing your manuscript come out, whenever it is; but I hope it's soon, for your sake. You've done enough research I'm sure.

Fair winds, best regards,

Russ Kinne

New Canaan

WB

N.E. BIGFOOT CENTER
Bill Green, Dir.
21 Benham St. #F
Bristol, CT 06010

Dear Gary,
Thanks so much for writing To me and for The french Bigfoot articles yes it is new To Me. next week I'm going To send you copies of My NewsLetter feel free To send any info about Bigfoot from your files.

Keep in Touch.

Thanks

Bill Green.

fellow Bigfoot

Researcher

JOHN S. POULAS
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26 July 1993

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NEBIRC
21 Benham Street Apt. F
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Dear Sir/Madam:

I am writing because I have some information which should be of interest to anyone involved with investigating the bigfoot phenomena. I myself have a great deal of interest in bigfoot and related creatures and utilize every opportunity to further my knowledge of them.

During early June, 1992 my fiance and I were travelling through Arkansas and decided to visit the town of Fouke. Sightings of a six and one half to seven foot tall creature with long, reddish hair occurred during the 1970's in the vicinity of Fouke. These happenings were the subject of a movie, "The Legend of Boggy Creek", and a book, Smokey and the Fouke Monster, by Smokey Crabtree. We inquired at a general store as to the location of Boggy Creek and were told by the clerk that Mr. Crabtree had some unidentified bones found in the woods by a hunter. We wanted to see them, and contacted Mr. Crabtree fully expecting to see some pieces of bone and skin that could be attributed to any animal.

Upon arriving at Mr. Crabtree's residence we were told that the remains were found by a hunter and once the authorities determined they were not human came into possession of Mr. Crabtree. Mr. Crabtree did not claim they were from the Fouke "monster" but that they were from an animal that he, a knowledgeable outdoorsman, could not identify.

Mr. Crabtree led us to his garage where he had a crudely constructed glass case. Inside the case were the badly decomposed remains of a creature that would have stood approximately six or seven feet tall with disproportionately long arms and legs which were shorter than the arms. The hands and feet were extremely long and there was no evidence of a tail. At that time there was still some flesh with four inch long reddish-brown hair attached. Except for the size, the skeleton's morphology resembled an orangutan. The only thing that prevented identification was the lack of a head. The remains were genuine as the odor of decay was prevalent. Had this animal been alive it would have matched many of the sightings of unknown bipeds that have occurred in the southern United States.

I believe that Mr. Crabtree understands the importance of this evidence and will do whatever possible to preserve this evidence.

It is also my opinion that he would be receptive and cooperative towards any scientific investigation into these remains. I feel that whether or not these are the remains of a stray orangutan or some unknown primate species, plus the fact that sightings still occur in the Fouke area, that this matter merits further scientific inquiry. If you desire further information please feel free to contact me at the above address.

Sincerely,

John S Poulos

John S. Poulos

CHECK: DO- NEWSEWEK, TIMES, LIFE: WICKED WOMAN SAME SOURCES
CHECK DAY OF RADIO SHOW ON TIMES FOR P¼RESENTATIONS SUMMARY

Start of #6 / all alts (5)

Yash - stat at #11

April 20
1997

Dear Mr. Green,

Got your note and questionair. Evidently Ray Crowe didnt send you a copy of my letter to him. It answered most of the questions in the questionair. I'll fill it out and send you a copy of the letter, plus some added information.
IThis is the letter:
Dear Ray,
I try to read all the articals that are in the public eye regarding Bigfoot. Over the last few years I havent come across a story in the papers or magazines about Bigfoot,---but once. I came across a story in the Medford tribune about a Tim Olson of Northern Cal. Tim believes there are Bigfoot in the Siskiyou Mountains. I have two stories to tell. The first is about the Sis kiyou area. Being a mountain lover and metal detector enthusist I spend a lot of time in the mountains around the Medford and Yreka area, looking for gold. In the last three years there hasnt been too many roads or trails that I havent been on. And thats quite a few!
So on with the story. I was trying to find a trail (in the summer) of 92) that I had been on in 91. At one point there was one main road and three trails at that the summit. I camped at the intersection of these trails. The next morning, about 8a.m., I decided to take the main road back down to the Kalamath river hyway. Within a block after I started down there was a curve in the road. After the curve there was a straightaway for about three blocks. As I went around this curve I saw a glimpse of a black furry animal walking down the road. It was at the far end of this straightaway. It turned around to look at me and within three strides went around another bend in the road. I sped down as fast as I could. When I got around the bend it was gone. I stoped, got out of the car looked around and listened for a sound. There was none. After having remembered about my experience in Idaho, I yelled "Chinka". There was still no sound. ~~After having remembered about~~=I then got in the car and left. Now what made me wonder about this from the start was his straight up gait on two legs. Then when he turned his head around (not moving his entire body like a bear would do)to look at me while still walking---and even when I saw a very short glimpse of his face, devoid of facial hair in some spots, made me think it was indeed a sasquatch. On this road to the left was a very steep canyon covered with brush and trees. It gave a very limited vision of the area below. On the right was a steep bank perhaps ten to fifteen feet high cut out to make the road at this bend. No animal except maybe a cougar could have scaled this. So the animal had to go down in the canyon on the left. Since I heard no noise, I figured it must of stopped, well hidden, and was waiting for me to leave. The following summer (93) having found the trail I was looking for, I camped in the same place. That evening after I put up my tent and went to bed, I was listening ~~to~~-== to the raido in my tent. When I turned it off to go to sleep, something hit my tent like a small rock piece of wood or maybe a paw. It startled me as I was almost asleep. I yelled "go away and leave me alone". I never heard another sound the rest of the night. I would tell you exactly where it was but I plan to spend one or two more weekends up there this summer.
The second story is by far the most important (at least to me anyway). This happened about 15 years ago, 20 miles east of St. Maries Idaho. While driving around roads and trails I got my car stuck in a quagmire of mud, trying to reach the main hyway. I decided to walk out and try to get some help. It was about a 3 mile walk to get to the bottem of this mountain, and about 3/4 mile to the main hyway. The road was well sheltered from both sides with tall pine trees, and bushes. Sp it was bitch black. On the left, 10 to 15 feet pass the trees, was a huge valley. On the right there was an incline of about 10 feet covered with dense brush, then an old cattle trail, then smme more timber going up into the mountain. I was about halfway to the end of the trail when I heard a voice yell "chinka". It was not a human voice. The best way I could describe it would be to say it sounded like a meadow lark, high pitched and , I guess, quavering. It ran pass on thr trail above and I yelled "stop I wont hurt you"/ As it very dark out I couldnt see it. But as it passed it